AGATHA WEBB.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. Copyrighted, 1899, by S. S. McClure Co.

CHAPTER V. The inquiries which followed elicited one o two new facts-first, that all the doors of the house were found unlocked, and secondly, that the Constable had been among the first to come in, so that he could vouch that no disarrangement had been made in the rooms, with the exception of Batsy's removal to the bed. Then, his attention being drawn to the dead woman, he discovered the key in her tightly

closed hand. Ware --- this key belong?" he naked They showed him the drawers in the cup-

"One is empty," said Mr. Sutherland, the other is found to be in the same condition. then her money has been taken. That key she holds should open both these drawers."

"Then let it be made use of at once. It is important that we should know whether their has been committed here as well as murder." And drawing the key out he handed it to Mr.

The Constable immediately unlocked the drawer and brought it and its contents to the

table. "No money here," said he. "But papers as good as money," announced

the doctor. "See! here are deeds and more than one valuable bond. I judge she was richer woman than any of us knew." Mr. Sutherland, meantime, was looking with an air of disappointment into the now empty

"Just as I feared," said he. "She has been robbed of her ready money. It was doubtless in the other drawer."

"How came she by the key, then?" "That is one of the mysteries of the affair: this murder is by no means a simple one. I begin to think we shall find it full of mys-

"Batsy's death, for Instance?" "Oh, yes, Batsy! I had forgotten that she was found, dead, too."

Without a wound, doctor." "She had heart disease. I doctored her for

it. The fright has killed her." "The look of her face confirmed that "

"Let me see! So it does; but we must have an autopsy to prove it "

"I would like to explain before any further measures are taken how I came to know that Agatha Webb had money in her house," said Sutherland, as they stepped back into the other room. "Two days ago I was sitting with my family at dinner; old gossip Judy came in. Had Mrs. Sutherland been living she would not have presumed to intrude upon us at mealtime, but as we have no one now to uphold our dignity this woman rushed into our presence pasting with news, and told us all in one breath how she had just come from Mrs. Webb who had a pile of money in her house; that she had just seen it with her own eyes: that going upstairs, as usual, without knocking, she had seen Mrs. Webb through the crack of the sitting room door, walking toward the fireplace cupboard with a huge roll of bills in her hand; that listening, she heard her sny Just fifteen hundred! Too much money by far to have in the house.' After which she heard first one lock turned and then another, and, satisfied that the money had been put into some receptable in the cupboard. she crept out as quietly as she had come in and ran away to tell the neighbors. Happily I was the first one she told, but I have no doubt that in spite of all

every one who would listen." "Was the young woman I see down youder at the table with you when Judy told this story?" asked the Coroner, pointing toward

my injunctions she has related the news to

the yard. Mr. Sutherland pendered. "No. I do think she was. Frederick was seated at the table with me, and my housekeeper was pouring the tea, but Miss Page had not yet come down. I think; she has been putting on great airs of late."

"Can it be possible that he does not know that his son, Frederick, wants to marry this girl?" muttered the clergyman into the Con-The Constable shook his head. Mr. Suther-

land was one of those debouair men whose terr mildness makes them impenetrable

The Coroner, on leaving the house, was followed by Mr. Sutherland. As the fine figures of the two men appeared on the doorstep a favored persons who were allowed to look come neither gentleman responded by so much asa look, all their attention being engrossed by the sight of the solitary figure of Miss Page who still held her stand upon the lawn. Motionless as a statue, but with her eyes fixed uson their faces, she awaited their approach When they were near her she thrust one hand from under her cloak, and pointing to the grass at her feet, said quietly:

"See this!" They hastened toward her and bent down to examine the spot she indicated.

"What do you find there?" cried Mr. Suther land, whose eyesight was not good.
"Blood," responded the Coroner, plucking

up a blade of grass and surveying it closely. "Blood," echoed Miss Page, with so suggestive a glance that Mr. Sutherland stared at her in amazement, not understanding his own emotion.
"How were you able to discern a stain se

nearly imperceptible?" asked the Coroner. "Imperceptible? It is the only thing I see in the whole yard," she retorted, and with a alight low, which was not without its elemen of mockery, she turned toward the gate.

of mockery, she turned toward the gate.

"A most unaccountable girl," commented the doctor. "But she is right about these stains. Abel," he called to the man at the gate, "bring a box or barrel here and cover up this shot. I don't want it disturbed by trampling feet till the jury I shall soon call shall have had an opportunity to look at it."

Abel started to obey just as the young girl laid her hand on the gate to open it.

"Won't you help me?" she asked. "The crewd is so great they won't let me through."

Won't they? The words came from without. "Just slip out's I is lip in, and you'lyfind a place made for you."

Not recognizing the voice, she hesitated for

s place made for you."
Not recognizing the voice, she hesitated for a moment, but seeing the gate swaying, she pushed against it just as a young man stepped through the gap. Necessarily, they came face to face.
"Ah, it's you," he muttered, giving her a sharp glace.

Ah. It's you," he muttered, asserted and sharp glance.

I do not know you," she haughtily declared, and slipped by him with such dexterity that she was out of the gate before he could respond. But he only snapped his finger and thumb

Supple as a willow twig, eh," he laughed.
Weil, I have made whistles out of willows before now, and—halloo! where did you get that?"
He was pointing to a rare flower that hung limb and faded from Abal's buttonbole.

He was pointing to a rare flower that hung imp and faded from Abel's buttonhole.

"This? Oh. I found it in the house vonder. I was lying on the floor of the inner room, almost under Batey's skirts. Curious sort of flower. I wonder where she got it."

The intruder, betraved at once an unaccountable emotion. There was a strange glitter in his light green eyes that made Abel shift rather uneasily on his feet. "Was that before this pretty minx you have just let out came in here with Mr. Sytherlandy"

"Oh, yes, before any one had started for the hill at all. "Why, what has this young lady got to do wifn a flower dropped by Batay?"

She? Nothing, Only—and I have never given you bad advice, Abel—don't let that thins har any longer from your buttonhole. Put into an envelope and keep it, and if you don't hear from me again in regard to it write me out a lool and forget we were ever chums when little shavers."

The man called Abel smilled, took out the

a fool and forget we were ever chums when lit-tle shavers."

The man called Abel smiled, took out the flower and went to cover up the grass as Dr. Tailsot had requested. The stranger took his blace at the gate toward which the Coroner and Mr. Sutherland were now assumeding, with

of his dequested. The stranger took his at the gate toward which the Coroner Mr. Sutherland were now advancing, with r which showed his great anxiety to sneak them. He was that one of the five musically whom we saw secretly entering the mentioned gentleman's house after the flure of the last servant. The Coroner naused before him he spoke. Talkat, said he drouping his eyes, which all to betray his thoughts too plainly, have often promised that you would give sob if any matter came up where nice deserted the coroner was wanted. Don't you think the his event was wanted. Don't you think the

100. Sweetwater? I'm afraid the affair is too deep for an inexperienced man's first ef-

fort. I shall have to send to Beston for an expert. Another time, Sweetwater, when the inother time, Sweetwater, when the sations are less serious."
roung fellow, with a face white as milk, complications are less serious."

The young fellow, with a face white as milk, was turning away.

But you'll let me stay around here?" he bleaded, pausing and giving the other an imploring look.

'Ch, yes, 'answered the good-natured Coroner. Fenton will have work enough for you and half a dozen others. Go and tell him I sent you."

Thank you," returned the other, his face suddenly losing its aspect of acute disappointment. "Now I shall see where that flower fell," he murmured.

CHAPTER VI

Mr. Sutherland returned home. As he entered the broad hall he met his son Frederick. There was a look on the young man's face such as he had not seen there in years.

Father, faitered the youth. "may I have a few words with you?"

The father nodded kindly, though it is likely he would have much preferred his breakfact; and the young man led him into a little sitting room littered with the faded garlands and other tokens of the preceding night's festivities.

Thave an applopy to make." Frederick be.

and other tokens of the preceding night's feativities.

"I have an apploay to make." Frederick began, "or rather I have your forgiveness to ask. For years"—he went on, atumbling over his words, though he gave no evidence of a wish to restrain them. "for years I have gone contrariwise to your wishes and caused my mothers heart to ache and you to wish I had never been born to be a curse to you and her."

He had emphasized the word mother, and spoke altogether with force and deep intensity. Mr. Sutherland stood petrified; he had long ago given up this lad as lost.

"I—i wish to change. I wish to be as great a pride to you as I have been a shame and a dishonor. I may not succeed at once; but I am in earnest, and if you will give me your hand"—

The old man's arms were round the young man's shoulders at once.

"Frederick!" he aried "my Frederick!"

This old man's arms were round the young man's shoulders at once.

"Frederick!" he cried, "my Frederick!"

Do not make me too much ashamed," murmured the youth, very pale and strangely discomposed. "With no excuse for my past, I sulfer intolerable apprehension in regard to my future, leat my good intentions should fail or my self control not hold out. But the knowledge that you are accusainted with my resolve and regard it with an undesseved sympathy may suffice to sustain me, and I should certainly be a base poltroon if I should disappoint you or her twice."

He paused, drew himself from his father's arms, and glanced almost solemnly out of the window. I swear that!I will henceforth act as if she were still alive and watching me."

There was strange intensity in his manner. Mr. Sutherland regarded him with amazement. He had seen him in every mood natural to a reckless man, but never in so serious a one, never with a look of awe or purpose in his face. It gave him quite a new idea of Frederick.

"Yes." the young man went on, raising his right hand but not removing his exercise.

his face. It gave him quiten new idea of Frederick.

"Yes," the young man went on raising his right hand, but not removing his eyes from the distant prospect on which they were fixed. "I swear that I will henceforth do nothing to discredit her memory. Outwardly and inwardly I will act as though her eye were still upon me and she could again suffer grief at my failures or thrill at my success."

A portrait of Mrs. Sutherland, painted when Frederick was a lad of 10, hung within a few feat of him as he shoke. He did not glance at it, but Mr. Sutherland did, and with a look as if he expected to behold a responsive light beam from those pathetic features.

"She loved you very dearly," was his slow and earnest comment. "We have both loved you much more deeply than you ever seemed to realize, Frederick."

"I believe it," responded the young man turning with an expression of calm resolve to meet his father's eye. "As proof that I am no longer insensible of your affection. I have made up my mind to forego for your sake one of the dearest wishes of my heart. Father"—he hesitated before he spoke the word, but spoke it firmly at last—"am I right in thinking you would not like Miss Page for a daughter?"

"Like my housekeeper's niece to take the

ter?"
"Like my housekeeper's niece to take the place in this house once occupied by Marietta Sutherland? Frederick, I have always thought too well of you to believe you would carry your foractfulness of me so far as that, even when I saw that you were influenced by her attractions."
"You did not do justice to my selfishness, father. I did mean to marry her, but I have

when I saw that you were influenced by her attractions."

"You did not do justice to my selfishness, father. I did mean to marry her, but I have given up living solely for myself, and she could never help me to live for others. Father, Amabel Page must no, remain in this house to cause division between you and me."

"I have already intimated to her the desirability of her quitting a home where she is no longer respected." the old gentleman declared. "She leaves on the 10.45 train. Her conduct this morning at the house of Mrs. Webbwho, perhaps you do not know, was most foully musdered last night-was such as to cause comment and make her an undesirable adjunct to any sentleman's family."

Frederick paled. Something in these words had caused him a great shock. Mr. Sutherland was fond enough to believe that it was the news of this extraordinary woman's denth.

land was fond enough to believe that it was the news of this extraordinary woman's death But his son's words, as soon as he could flue any, showed that his mind was running or Amabel, whom he, perhaps, had found it diffi-cult to connect even in the remotest way with crime.

crime.
"She at this place of death? How could that
be? Who would take a young girl there?"

She at this place of death? How could that be? Who would take a young girl there?"
The father, experiencing, nethaps, more compassion for this soon to be disillusionized lover than he thought it incumbent upon him to show, answered shortly, but without any compromise of the unhappy truth:

She went: she was not taken. No one, not even myself, could keep her back after she had heard that a murder had been committed in the town. She even intruded into the house and when ordered out of the room of death took up her stand in the yard in front, where she remained until she had the opportunity of pointing out to us a stain of blood on the grass, which might otherwise have escaped our attention."

she remained until she had the opportunity of pointing out to us a stain of blood on the grass, which might otherwise have escaped our attention."

"Impossible." Frederick's eye was staring. He looked like a man struck dumb by surprise or fear. "Amabel do this? You are mocking me, sir, or I may be dreaming, which may the good food grant!"

His father, who had not looked for so much emotion, eved his son in surprise, which rapidly changed to slarm as the voung man faltered and fell back against the wall.

"You are ill, Frederick; von are really ill, Let me call down Mrs. Harcourt, But, no, I cannot summon her. She is this girl's aunt."

Frederick made an effort and stood up.

"Do not call anybody," he entreated. "I expect to suffer some in casting this fascinating girl out of my heart. But I will conquer the weakness ultimately; indeed, I will. As for her interest in Mrs. Webb's death"—how how his voice sank and how he trembled—"she may have been better friends with her than we had any reason to suppose. I can this for no other motive for her conduct. Admiration for Mrs. Webb and herror."

"Breakfast is served, gentlemen," cried a thrilling voice behind them. Amabel Page stood smilling in the doorway.

CHAPTER VII.

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"Wait a moment. I must speak to you."

It was Amabei who was holding Frederick back. She had caught him by the arm as he was about leaving the room with his father, and he felt himself obliged to stop and listen. "I start for Springfield to-day," she announced. "I have another relative there living at the house. When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you in my new home?"

"Never." It was said regretfully and yet with a certain brusqueness, occasioned, perhaps, by over-excited feeling. "Hard as it is for me to say it. Amabel, it is but just for me to tell you that after our parting here to-day we will meet only as strangers. Friendship between us would be mockery, and any closer relationship has become impossible."

It had cost him an immense effort to say these words, and he expected, fondly expected. I must admit, to see her color change and he had droop. But lustead of this she looked at him steadily for a moment, then slipped her hand down his arm till she reached his paim, which she pressed with sudden warmth, drawing him into the room as she did so, and shutting the door behind them. He was speechless, for she nover had looked so handsome nor so glowing. Instead of showing depression or humiliation even, she confronted him with a smile more dangerous than any display of grief could have been, for it contained what is had hitherto lacked, tositive and irresistible admiration. Her words were causily dangerous.

"It kiss your hand, as the Spaniards say" And she almost did so, with a bend of her head which just allowed him to catch a glimpes of two starting dimples.

He was astounded. He thought he knew this woman well, but at this moment she was as incomprehensible to him as if he had never made a study of her caprices and ever-shifting expressions.

"I am sensible of the honor," said he, "but heardly understand how I have earned it."

as incomprehensible to him as if he had never made a study of her caprices and ever-shifting expressions.

"I am sensible of the honor," said he, "but hardly understand how I have earned it."

Still that incomprehensible look of admiration continued to illumine her face.

"I did not know I could ever think so well of you," she declared. "If you do not take care I shall end by loving you some day."

"Ah!" he einculated, his face contracting with sudden pain; "your love, then, is but a potentiality. Very well, Amabel, keep it so and you will be spared much misery. As forms, who have not been as wise as you!"—

"Frederick!" She had come so near he did not have the strength to finish. Her face, with its indefinable charm, was raised to his, as she dropped these words one by one from her lins in lingering cadence: "Frederick—do you toke it. "Ih. 1. so very much?"

He was angry: possibly, because he felt his resolution fulling him. "You know!" he hotly began, stemping back. Then with a sudden burst of feeling that was almost like prayer, he resumed: "Do not tempt me, Amabel. I have trouble snough without lamenting the failure of my first steadings tourpose." "Ah!" she said, stopping where she was, but drawing him toward her by every witchery of which her mobile features were canable. "Your generous impulse has strengthened into a purpose, has it? Well. I'm not worth it. Frederick."

More and more astounded: understanding her less than ever; but charmed by looks that would have moved an anchorite, he turned his head away in a vale attempt to escape an in-

fluence that was so rapidly undermining his

finence that was so rapidly undermining his determination.

She saw the movement, recognized the weakness it bespoke, and in the triumph of her heart allowed a low laugh to escape her.

Her yolce, as I have before said, was unmusical, though effective; but her laugh was deliciously sweet, especially when it was restrained to a mere ripple, as now.

"You will come to Springfield soon," she avowed, slipping from before him so as to leave the way to the door open.

"Amabel!" His voice was strangely husky, and the involuntary opening and shutting of his hands revealed the enotion under which he was laboring. "Do you love me? You have acknowledged it now and then, but always as if you did not mean it. Now you asknowledge that you may some day, and this time as if you did mean it. What is the truth? Tell me, without coquetry or dissembling, for I am in dead earnest, and"—He paused, choked and turned toward the window where but a few minutes before he had taker that solemn oath. The remembrance of it seemed to come back with the movement. Flushing with a new agitation, he wheeled upon her sharply. "No, no," he prayed, "say nothing. If you swore you did not love me I should not believe it, and if you swore that you did should only find it harder to repeat what must again be said, that a union between us can never take place. I have given my solemn irromise to"—"Well, well. Why do you stop? Am I so hard to talk to that the words will not leave your lips."

"I have promised my father I will never

your lips."
"I have promised my father I will never marry you. He feels that he has grounds of complaint against you, and as I owe him everything."

He stopped amazed. She was looking at him intently, that same low laugh still on her lips.

"Tell the truth," she whispered. "I know to the truth, she whispere: 'I know to what extent you consider your fathers wishes. You think you ought not to marry me after what took place hast night. Frederick, i like you for this evidence of consideration on your part, but do not struggle too relentlessly with your conscience. I can forgive much more in you than you think, and if you really love me."

more in you than you than you then love me. Let us understand each other." He "Stop! Let us understand each other."

"Stop! Let us understand each other." He had turned mortally pale and met her eyes with something akin to alarm. "What do you allude to in speaking of last night? I did not know that there was anything said by us in our talk together."

I do not allude to our talk."
"Or-or in the one dance we had."
Frederick, a dance is innocent."
The word seemed to strike him with the force of a blow.
"Innocent." he repeated, "innocent." becoming paler still as the full weight of her meaning broke gradually usen him.
"I followed you into town." she whispered, coming 3loser, and breathing the words into his ear. "But what I saw you do there will not keep me from obeying you if you say. Follow me wherever I go. Amabel; henceforth our lives are one."
"My dod!"
It was all he said, but it seemed to create a guif between them. In the silience that followed the evil spirit latent, beneath her beauty began to make itself evident even in the smile which no longer called into view the dimples which belong to guilleless mirth, while upon his face, after the first paralyzing effect of her words had passed, there appeared an expression of manly resistance that betrayed a vir-

ils face, after the first paralyzing effect of her vords had passed, there aspeared in expression of manly realstance that betrayed a virue which as yet had never appeared in his either and altegether reckless life.

That this was more than a passing impulse is presently unde evident by lifting his hand not pushing her slowly back.

"I do not know what you saw me do," saide, "but, whatever it was, it can make no difference in our relations."

rence in our relations." Her whisper, which had been but a breath

Her whisper, which had been but a creath before, became scarcely audible.

"I did not pause at the gate you entered," said she. "I went in after you."

A gasp of irresistible feeling escaped him, but he did not take his eyes from her face.

"It was a long time before you came out," she went on, "but before that time the shade of a certain window was thrust aside and!

"Hush," be commanded in inneontrollable passion, pressing his hand with impulsive energy against, her mouth. "Not another word of that, or I shall forget you are a woman or that I have ever loved you."

Her eyes, which were all she had remaining to plend with, took on a peculiar look of quiet satisfaction and power. Seeing It, he let his hand fall and for the first time began to regard her with anything but a lover's eyes.

"I was the only person in sight at that time," she continued. "You have nothing to fear from the world at large."

"Fear?"

The word made its own echo; she had no

"Fear?"
The word made its own echo; she had sed to emphasize it aven echo; need to emphasize it even by a smile. Be she watched him as it sunk into his conselou ness with an intentness it took all heteragth to sustain. Suddenly her bearing and expression changed. The few remain of sweetness in her face vanished, and even the allurement which often lasts when the sweetness is some disappeared in the energy

sweetness is gone disappeared in the energy which now took possession of her whole threatening and inflexible personality. "Marry me." she cried. "or I will proclaim you to be the murderer of Agatha Webb!" She had seen the death of love in his eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

Frederick Sutherland was a man of finer mental balance than he himself, perhaps, had ever realize!. After the first few moments of stupefaction following the astounding alternative which had been given him, he broke out with the last sentence she probably expected to hear.

"What do you hope from a marriage with me that to attain your wishes you thus sacrifice every womanly instinct?"

She met him on his own ground.

"What do I hope?" She actually glowed

ask a poor girl like me, born in a tenement house, but with tastes and ambitions such as are usually only given to those who can gratify them? I want to be the rich Mr. Sutherland's daughter; acknowledged or unacknowledged, the wife of one who can enter any house is boston as an equal. With a position like that I can rise to anything. I feel that I have the natural power and aptitude. I have felt it since I was a small child.

"And for that"—he began.

"And for that," she broke in. "I am quite willing to overlook any dark snot on your record. Confident that you will never repeat the risk of last night, I am rendy to share the burden of your secret through life. If you treat me well, I am sure I can make it light for you."

With a quick flush and an increase of self-assertion she had, probably not anticipated he faced her with a desperate resolution that showed how handsome he could be if his soul once got control of his body.

"Woman." he cried, "they were right; you are little less than a devil."

Did she regard it as a compliment? Her smile would seem to say so.

"A devil that understands men." she answered, with that slow dip of her dimples that made her smile so dangerous. "You will not hesitate long over this matter; a week, verhaps."

"I shall not hesitate at all. Seeing you as you are makes my course easy. You will not never share any burden with me as my wife."

haps."

"I shall not hesitate at all. Seeing you as you are makes my course easy. You will never share any burden with me as my wife."

Still she was not abashed.

"It is a pity." she whispered; "it would have saved you such unnecessary struggle. But a week is not long to wait. I am certain of you then. This day week at 12 o'clock. Frederick."

He seized her by the arm, and, lost to everything but his rage, shook her with a desperate hand.

"Do you mean it?" he cried, a sudden horror showing itself in his face, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it.

I mean it so much," she assured him, "that before I came home just now I paid a visit to the conse over the way. A certain hollow tree, where you and I have held more than one tryst, conceals within its depths a package containing over \$1,000. Frederick, I hold your life in my hands."

tryst, concease \$1,000. Frederick, I hold your iffer in my hands."

The grasp with which he held her relaxed; a mortal despair settled upon his features, and recognizing the impossibility of further concealing the effect of her words upon him, he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. She viewed him with an air of triumph, which brought back some of her beauty. When she spoke it was to say:

"If you wish to join me in Springfield before the time I have set, well and good. I am willing that the time of our separation should be shortened, but it must not be lengthened by

shortened, but it must not be lengthened by so much as a day. Now, if you will excuse me I will go and pack my trunks."

He shuddered; her voice seemed to cut through him like a knife.

Drawing herself up, she locked down on him with a strange mixture of passion and elation.

m. "You need fear no indiscretion on my part.

"You need fear no indiscretion on my part, so long as our armistice lasts," said she. "No one can drag the truth from me while any hope remains of your doing your duty by me in the way I have suggested."

And still he did not move.
"Frederick!"
Was it her voice that was thus murmuring his name? Can the tiger snarl one moment and coo the next!"
"Frederick, I have a final word to sav. a last fareweil. Up to this hour I have endured your attentions, or, let us say, accented them, for I always found you handsome and agreeable, if not the master of my heart. But now, now it is love that I feel, love; and love with me is no fancy, but a passion, do you hear?—a passion which will make life a heaven or hell for the mas who has inspired it. You should have thought of this when you opposed me."

And with a look in which was blended something of the light and darkness of the two al-

man who has inspired it. You should have thought of this when you opposed me."

And with a look in which was blended something of the light and darkness of the two alternatives she had bromised him, she bent and imprinted a kiss upon his forchead. Next moment she was gone.

Or so he thought. But when, after an interval of nameleas recoil, he rose and attempted to stagger from the piace, he discovered that she had been detained in the hall by two or three men who had just come in by the front door.

she had been detained in the hall by two or three men who had just come in by the front door.

"Is this Miss Page," they were asking.

"Yes, I am Miss Page—Amabel Page," she replied with snave politeness. "If you have any business with me state it quickly, for I am about to leave town."

"That is what we wish to prevent," declared a fail, thin young man who seemed to take the lead. "Till the inquest has been held over the remains of Mrs. Webb, Coroner Tai-

bot wishes you to regard yourself as a possible witness."

"Me" she eried, with an admirable gesture of surprise and a wide opening of her brown eves that made her look like an astonished child. "What have I got to do with it?"

"You pointed out a certain spot of blood on the grass and—well, the Coroner's orders have to be obeyed, miss. You cannot leave the town without running the risk of arrest.

"Then I will stay in it." she smiled. "I have no liking for arrests." and the glint of her eye rested for a moment on Frederick. "Mr. Sutherland." she continued, as that gentleman appeared at the dining room door, "I shall have to impose upon your hospitality for a few days longer. These men here inform me that my innocent interest in pointing out to you that spot of blood on Mrs. Webb's lawn has awakened some curiosity, and that I am wented as a wakened some curiosity, and that I am wented as a wakened.

has awakened some curiosity, and that I am wanted as a witness by the Coroner."

Mr. Sutherland, with a quick stride, lessened the distance between himself and these in welcome intruders. "The Coroner's wishes are paramount just now," said be, but the look he gave his son was not soon forgotten by the spectators.

TOM GARDNER, STRONG MAN.

Remarkable Feats of a New Brunswick Man a Hundred Years Ago.

obstock, N. B., Feb. 25.-Is it certain that the famous athletes of the present day, who seek applause by breaking records, are, after all, superior to the old-time performers whose deeds were soldom chronicled? Are modern club and college gymnasiums sending forth men able to discount the brawn and bone of their fathers? The modern professional strong man has his scientific methods of training, his apparatus, and his specialties which he has practiced for years, but could be vanquish the Sandows and Samsons of Maine and New Brunswick in the early logging days at their own game, such as lifting with the handspike, shouldering a barrel of pork, or sculling a raft of logs off a lee shore? There are men still living on the St. John and the Penobscot who say that there were giants in those days whose feats of strength have never been equalled. They refer especially, to one Tom Gardner, the lion of the Macnaquae, who was born on the banks of the St. John in the year 1708, and who had such strength that t was a real affliction to him by reason of the rowds who followed him. The mere rumor that Tom was expected on his raft, or that he was walking up the road with his scull oar and warp over his shoulder, would line the fences or the river bank with people who wished to see

so great a prodigy. Upon casual view, these people say, no one would suppose that Gardner possessed more muscle than an ordinary man of his inches. He was a mild-mannered, unassuming, flaxen haired young man, rather slouching in his gait, 5 feet 10 inches in height, and usually weighing from 175 to 180 pounds. When stripped, however, his power could in part be accounted for, his chest being finely developed and the muscles of his arms, legs, and thighs standing out like the sinews of a bear. It was the popular belief that, instead of ordinary ribs. Gardner possessed solid walls of bone or either side of his chest.

Tom's brother John was in no way noted for nis physical prowess, but his sister, Matilda, was so strong that no man was ever able to kiss he n fair, honest play. She declared that she would marry the first man who accomplished this feat. It is said that one of her suitors, Isaac Fuller, was more crafty than the others He studiously refrained from seeking to capture Matilda's Hps until he had won her heart He courted her at long range and praised he beauty. Then Matilda surrendered. One of the few surviving river men of that

seriod is John Camber, who now lives at Arthurette, on the Tobique River. He was well acquainted with Gardner, and saw him perform many of his amazing feats. "There were no two men in my time," said Mr. Camber, "who could lift Tem Gardner's load or handle him in a scrimmage. In the year 1820, which was right after the great Miramichi fire, I saw him at Grafton, opposite Woodstock, lift a molasses puncheon full of corn (said to be fourteen bushets), from the bottom of a towboat to the gunwale, and then set it down on the beach stones. I saw Gardner do one thing which I am satisfled no man in the province could now begin to do. This occurred at Grafton also. He tool hold of a rum puncheon containing at the time seven gallons of rum, lifted it from the ground without the least effort and drank from the bunghole. The puncheon was a heavy, iron-bound affair and must have weighed 120 pounds, not counting the rum. Ed Wheeler kept a blacksmith shop in those days at East Florenceville. I have seen Gard-ner borrow a pair of mitts from Ed and pull horseshoes apart with his hands as fast as he could pick them up. I remember his comine

horseshoes apart with his hands as fast as he could plek them up. I remember his coming home from a dance one morning, all hands pretty well slewed and carrying on, and hauling up by the roots an apple tree four inches the and lugging it all the way home. This I did not actually see myself, but three men who were with him, David Good, Solomon Good and George Long, told me about it and the tree was replanted on the shore and called fardiner's tree for forty years afterward till it was carried away by a big lee freshet.

"At one time Gardner kept a kind of hotel or wayside house below the mouth of Tobique, and two stout Irishmen, each weighing over 200 pounds, who were anxious to tackle him, raised a rumpus in the kitchen. Tom picked them up, one in each hand, knocked their leads together, carried them to the back door, and threw them over the bank of the river. One of the Irishmen was named William Hapenny; the name of the other I have forgotten. The late Edward Campbell of Northampton was an eyewitness of this little fracas. I was in St. John one spring when a famous wrestler from England came there and tried to get on a match with any one who would face him. The raftsmen put up £50 on Tom, who was expected to arrive on a raft next day. Tom knew nothing about wrestling, but easily downed the Englishman, throwing him collar and elbow, side hold and back hold. The Englishman offered him £400 a year if he would go to England and wrestle on the stage. Another famous wrestler came all the way from Miramichi to Tom's house to try a fall with him. Tom was away down river, but his sister afterward Mrs. Fuller) told the stranger she could throw him heresil, and did so three times in succession. The Miramichi man didn't wait for Tom. I have often seen Mrs. Fuller and knew that she had wonderful strength. She could shoulder a barrel of flour, and Tom used to say that he had known Gardner, when lifting with a handspike, to break a shoul sunder-each arm, and one a swinness of this afterward tried to lift the anchor, but fai

anecdote of this Hercules is taken from an old New York paper:

"It is commonly reported and believed that Gardner met with a sad adventure on board a dississipm steamer. A heavy bell was on board as a portion of the freight, and the Captain, a great, powerful fellow, was concerned as to how he should remove it from its place in order to make more room on deck. While the Captain and passengers were at dinner. Tom, in the prosence of the erw and to their utter amazement, lifted the bell and carried it to the opposite side of the boat. When the Captain returned, he asked how the bell had been moved, and when Gardner laughingly remarked that he had carried it there, the Captain gave him the lie, and as one word brought on another, he presently struck Tom in the face. This was too much, and for the first time in his life the strong man gave blow for blow. One blow was sufficient. The Captain was knocked down as if kicked by a horse and never spoke again. Tom made his escape, went West, and has never been heard of since."

When Mr. Camber was shown this paragraph he said that he had heard about Tom lifting a big bell in the States, but not as to the killing of the Captain. He thought the latter statement was untrue and had probably arisen from an adventure that Tom had really experienced in Canada. After Gardner removed to Ontario a noted puglist there, who had heard of his fame as a strong man, insisted on having a fight. Tom tried to avoid trouble in every way, but finally was insuited, and a fight took place in which the fiste champion paid the penalty of Lie rashness with death. He was knocked assected by a terrific blow and died a few hours afterward. Tom then fied to the West.

CAGLIOSTRO'S PARIS HOUSE

T STILL STANDS MUCH AS WHEN HE PRACTICED MAGIC IN IT.

Where the Cardinal de Rohan Was Brought Into the Affair of the Diamond Neck-ince-Story of the Sorcerer-Bauquet of the Ghosts-Cagliostro and His Wife. From the Courrier des États Unic. Caglioatro's house still stands in Paris. Few

alterations have been made in it since the days of its glories and mysteries; and one may easily imprine the effect which it produced in the night upon those who gazed upon its strange pavillons and wide terraces when the jurid lights of the alchemist's furnaces streamed through the outer window blinds The building preserves its noble lines in spite of modern additions and at the same time has a weird appearance which produces an almost depressing effect. But this doubtless comes from the imagination, because the house was not built by Cagliostro; he simply rented it. When he took up his quarters in it, it was the property of the Marquise d'Orvillers. Cagliostro made no changes in it, except perhaps : ew temporary interior additions for the ma-

chines which he used in his séances in magic The plan of the building may well be said to be abnormal. The outer gate opens upon the rue Saint Claude at the angle of the boulevard Beaumarchais. The courtyard has a morose and solemn aspect. At the end up der a flagged porch there is a stone staircase worn by time, but it still preserves its old from railing. On looking at that staircase one cannot help thinking of the hosts of beautiful women, attracted by curiosity to the den of the sorcerer, and terrified at what they imagined they were about to see, who placed their trembling hands upon that old railing. Here we can evoke the shade of Mme, de la Motte running up the steps, with her head covered with a clonk, and the ghosts of the valets of Cardinal de Rohan sleeping in the driver's seat of the carriage with a lantern at their feet, while their master, in company with the Great Copht, is occupied with necromancy, metallurgy, ca-bala or one from ties, which, as everybody knows, constitute the four elementary divisions of Cagliostro's art.

A secret stairway, now walled up, ran near the large one to the second story, where its traces are found; and a third stairway, narrow and tortuous, still exists at the other end of the building on the boulevard side. It is in the centre of the wall, in complete darkness and leads to the old salous now out into apartments, the windows of which look out upon a terrace which still retains its old iron balconies. Below, with their mouldering doors, are the carriage house and the stablethe stable of Djerid, the splendid black horse of Lorenza Feliciani.

It was in the summer of 1781 that the Comte de Cagliostro first appeared in Paris. All sorts of fantastic stories have been told about him. According to the most authentic records he was a rather badly built man, clad in poorly cut blue taffeta, laced on the borders. He wore his hair in a startling and most ridiculous style. with powdered plaits bunched in cadenettes, His silk stockings were embroidered in gold His silk stockings were embroidered in gold and the buckles of his velvet shoes sparkled with preclous stones. The display of diamonds on his fingers and watch chains went beyond the line of vulgarity. His head dress was a pointed hat ornamented with white blumes. During eight months of the year he wors a great blue fox cloak, augmented by a fur capuchon in the form of a carapuasse. On the street he was a walking scareerow and the children used to flee from him in terror. His features were regular, his complexion clear, his teeth suiserb and his eves were so marvellous that they defled description. His wife, the Comtesse Lorenza, was rarely seen, but by all accounts she was a woman of bewildering beauty, realizing the Greek lines in all their antique purity and enhanced by an Italian expression. The most enthusiastic of her so-called admirers were precisely those who had never seen her face. There were many duels to decide the question as to the color of her eyes, some contending that they were black and others that they were blue.

Duels were also fought over a dimple which some admirers Insisted was on the right cheek, while others said that the honor behonged to the left cheek. She appeared to be no more than twenty years old; but she spoke sometimes of her eldest son, who was for "some rears a Captain in the Dutch Army."

One may imagine the emotion that was caused in the Marais quarter by the installation of such strange tenants in the hôtel of Mine. d'Orvillers. It was the Cardinal de R chan himself who selected and furnished the place for the mysterious hosts. He used to visit Cagliostro three or four times a week, arriving at dinner time and remaining until an advanced hoar in the night. It was said that the great Cardinal, assisted the sorcerer in his labors, and many people spoke of the mysterious laboratory where gold bubbled and diamonds sparkled in eruelbies brought to a white hear. But nobody, except Cagliostro and perhabs the Cardinal, ever entered that mysterious laboratory. All that was known and the buckles of his velvet shoes sparkled

mysterious laboratory where gold bubbled and diamonds sparkled in crucibles brought to a white heat. But nobody, except Cagliostro and perhaps the Cardinal, ever entered that mysterious laboratory. All that was known for a certainty was that the apartments were furnished with Oriental splendor and that Cault Cagliostro in a dazzling costume received his guests with kingly dignity and gave them his hand to kiss. Upon a black marble slab in the antechamber carved in golden letters was the universal prayer of Pope. Tather of all! in every age. Ac. the parody of which, ten years later Paris sang as a hymn to the Supreme Being.

Among the many stories told of Cagliostro that of the super in the hôtel of the rue Saint Claude, where the ghosts made merry, still holds the record. Six guests and the host took their places at a round table upon which there were thirteen covers. Each guest pronounced the name of the dead man whose spirit he wished to appear at the banquet table. Cagliostro.concentrating his mysterious forces, gave the invitation in a solemn and commanding tone. One after another the six guests appeared. They were the Due de Cholseul, Voltaire, if Alembert, Diderot, the Abbé de Volsening tone. One after another the six guests appeared. They were the Due de Cholseul, Voltaire, if Alembert, Diderot, the Abbé de Volsenon and Montesqueleu. Surely one might be in more stupid company!

When the living diners recovered their breath the conversation began, but, unfortunately for the great ghosts, the record of their conversation makes them talk stupid nonsense. Perhaps this mey be taken as evidence of the theory that a man loses his head when he dies. At all events, the story created a sensation in Paris. It reached the court, and one evening when the conversation turned upon the banquet of the ghosts, the record of their conversation in Paris. It reached the court, and one evening when the conversation turned in gon the banquet of the ghosts, the king frowned, shrugged his shoulders and resumed his game of cards.

fortude the mention of the name of the charintan in her presence. Nevertheless, some of the charintan in her presence, which no gentlemen a course of lectures or Lessons in maxico to which no gentlemen were to be admitted, which makes got their first lesson. But the first lesson was the instance. When Cardinal de Rohan was sumptiously of the first lesson was the instance of the first rank, boasted of her ability to conquer the antiquality of his laborated of her ability to conquer the antiquality of his laborated of her ability to conquer the antiquality of his laborated of her ability to conquer the antiquality of the diamond necklace. The Cardinan of the Boulevard Beaumarchals. She first made that of Ladilotto, whose wife, an adventuress of the first rank, boasted of her ability to conquer the antiquality of the same of the present of the land of the condition of the same of the present of the land of the condition of the land of the same of the present of the land of the la

furniture, crueibles and ellxirs of the Comte de Cagliostro! on, what a splendid noster for an auctioneer, and what a bait for a coisector! Since then the gloomy house of the rue Saint2Claude has had no history. Ah, but I am mistaken, In 1805 some remairs were made. The old carriage door was removed and the one that took its place was taken from the ruins of the Temple. There it stands to day with its great bolts and immense locks. The door of the prison of Louis XVI. closes the house of Cagliostro! How strange!

WHY HE IS AN AMERICAN. Life Here and in England Compared by s

He was lunching with a party of other Amer lean citizens. A round-headed, short, chunky sen Captain he was, with a smooth face and determined jaw-a good, honest, hearty, seafaring Englishman with pleasant manners and a charming smile. He had been Cap tain of transatlantic vessels for years and

had also been over most of the world. "I was not home for Christmas," he said 'I never am home for long, any way. In thirty years I was hardly ever at any one place for a month at a time and seldom home for over two weeks at a stretch in all that time. Still, I love my home when I can be there. have four girls and four boys."

Then you were a valuable acquisition to the United States when you became a citizen. Why did you join us?"

"There were many reasons. I am very proud of being an Englishman and of Engand's history, and I love the island. One rea son is the schooling for the children. I found the best of schools, and every one of my children is getting a good education, much better than I could give them in England. am educating all of my children and educat ing them well in the United States, and it costs me less than it would to educate one of them in England. I would have great difficulty in affording to give one of them there the educa tion that every one of them gets here." "But you have your school taxes?"

"Well, I bought a nice piece of ground and comfortable house in a little town in New England for the price I would pay for a field in England. The taxes are low and all come together, so I do not think of the school part of "How do other expenses compare?

"The prices are about the same for the things we cat, but we get fresher eggs, better outter, better meats and vegetables'right in the country than we could get in a city like London, where we lived. We live better for the same cost."

"How about the climate?" "The children thrive, and it seems strange, oo. In England we never had more than a couple of degrees of frost, but the children delight in 20° below zero over in New Hampshire and are always well.

"Were you cordially received by the people when you came?" "They waited a while to see what kind of a family it was and then called on us and have treated us in the best possible way. They made us one with them and no distinctions

because we were English." He was silent awhile and then spoke again. 'Another reason for coming that Americans do not as a rule appreciate is the social sidehe classes of England. Over there the class distinctions are strong. Why, if you go along the street, there are certain people you meet that you must tip your hat to-you must do it and there is no help for it. My people had a store in a village there and were Tearning an honest living and were good people, but they had to tip their caps to every man who had a little villa and \$500 a year and did no work. We were in trade and we had to do it. Every man who had just enough to keep the wolf from the door but who did no work was our superior, and, if he deigned to speak to us, he did it with an air of patronage that hurt. That is one thing we do not have in the United States, and I want my children to grow up where they are not subjected to this constand where they are not subjected to this constand suppression. Another thing, too. Over here I can get, a chance for my boys and my girls. In England I would have to pay for the privilege, of having my boy learn a trade besides supporting him, while in the United States he would receive some pay at once and more later. And in England there is nothing for my girls, if I needed to have them work, but a large store, and that is very bad for a girl where she is expected to dress well and receives from \$1 to \$1.25 a week. There is some chance-linere."

ceives from \$1 to \$1.25 a week_There is some chance There."

"Have you ever been back to your home?"

"Yes after I lost my father. I often went over to see my mother in the old viliage, and although lihave been over the world and mixed with people, the same petty non-workers would, if they noticed me at all, still speak in the same condescending way to me, and I had to take it for the sake of my mother and of my brother, who runs the store. Why, there are

studying how they can make other people uncomfortable by being overbearing and condeacending to them. They seldom or never speak
to a tradesman on the street. Aes, I remember who suppled a man the street. He had been very
wealth nearly fell down when my wife one day
bowed to him on the street. He had been very
attentive to us and had groue to a lot of trouble
for us. So, when my wife bowed to him, he
grabbed his nat and bowed low and,his face
lighted up. It was so servile that we spoke of
it to one of our Englishgentry friends, who
told us that tradespeople were never noticed
out of their stores.

"An incident shows the difference in the way
reone over here feel. On one of my tribs
senger and he presented to me a letter of introduction from the master mechanic of the
road, a friend of mine, saying that this master
mechanic was his friend. An Englishman
would not have done that. He would have said
it was a letter from our master mechanic or
"my master mechanic. It was the word
Triend that was the difference."

"They probably started at the bottom togeneral and kept up their friendship."

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MOOSE HUNT IN THE WATER.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE HON, JOHN COSTIGAN OF CANADA.

The Big Animal Charged at the Statesman's Canoe, and Some Lively Swimming by an Indian Followed Offer of Another Indian Who Didn't Shoot His Moose,

GRAND FALLS, N. B., Feb. 22.-It is seldom that stateeraft and wooderaft are found combined in paying quantities in one individual. Among the public men of Canada, however, there is one to whom the title of the trapperstatesman might be applied. While the Hon. John Costigan occupies a foremost rank among Canadian politicians, he is equally at home in trapping a bear or an otter in the depths of the New Brunswick wilderness or guiding a bark cance on the fretful surface of the big forest lakes. Nearly every autumn be escapes from the presence of the lobbyist and the office seeker and with rifle, pack and birchen skiff goes to the upper waters of the Tobique, where, on the wooded shores of the wild mountain lakes, he pitches his tent and sets his traps for bear, otter, fox and mink.

Under the administration of Sir John Mac-donald he has held with credit the Important offices of Secretary of State and Minister of Customs, Since Mr. Laurier assumed the reins of poor Mr. Costigan has had leisure to recline in the recoiling shades of opposition, but such is the esteem in which he is held even by his political enemies that his is perhaps the only Conservative seat in Canada which the Liberal leaders have no wish to capture. The population of the county of Victoria is composed almost entirely of English Protestants and French Catholies. As an Irishman Mr. Costigan seems to have been accepted as a de-*Irable compromise by these rival factions.

In his youth Mr. Costigan received a liberal education, but his heart was in the woods and transing and hunting formed his chief occupation. Beaver were plentiful in those days on the tributary streams of Green River and Salmon River and Mr. Costigan recalls that in one winter he caught no fewer than seventyfive of these valuable animals, besides a large amount of other peltry. He was noted far and wide in those days for his immense personal strength, and among the slalwart loggers and river men, to whom fighting and wrestling formed the chief joy of life, few could be found who cared to measure muscles with Costigan.

'ven now at the age of 64 Mr. Costlean thinks nothing of carrying a sixty-pound pack, with a birch cance on top of that, over the carry from Mud to Trowsers Lake. He is the most daring and skiiful canceman to be found any-where in; the Tobique country and will venture in his frail bark upon the whitecapped waves of Trowsers Lake when the loggers are afraid to launch a batteau.

In his long experience as a trapper and hunter Mr. Costigan has had many exciting adventures. He was once paddling up the east side of Island Lake accompanied by a friend, when a rifle was accidentally discharged, the bullet narrowly missing Mr. Costigan and ploughing a big hole in the cance. It was only by desperate exertions that they were able to reach the shore before the cance sank beneath them. On another occasion he had walked on snowshoes many miles from camp when a snowstorm set hr. followed by a gale of wind and bitter cold. Thinking to shorten his return to camp Mr. Costigan struck out on a beeline across the ridges. The travelling was very heavy and the falling snow so obscured the natural landmarks that he lost his way and found himself at nightfall totally exhausted and without food or fire. He was on the point of glving himself up for lost when he happened to find a sable bait in his pocket. This he ate, and it seemed to give him renewed strength and courace. He made another attempt to face the blast and was fortunate enough to strike a lumber road, by which he reached the camp. Mr. Costigan says that it was the sable bait that saved his life.

Mr. Costigan has had some very lively experiences with the bull moose that infest his tranching grounds. He was once paddling up Long Lake with an Indian named Tom Bear, when a mammoth moose, either seeing the earnoe from the orsen ridge on which he stood or else attracted by the spinshing of the paddles, charged straight down into the lake and swam for the cance. The Indian, who was in the stern, became so confused that the cance slimply turned round and round as the moose drew wittly near. Mr. Costigan and the was done to shoot the moose, as it would be difficult to handle the carcass so far from shore. He whooped and shouted to alarm the animal, and when within a few yards of the cance the moose turned about. The approach of the naimal had totally demoralized Mr. Bear, and that valiant redskin suddenly sprang up in the cance, jumned overboard on the opposite side from the moose and started to swim ashore.

The solash seemes to attract the notice of the moose, for he at once looked around, snorted, and headed fair friend, when a rifle was accidentally discharged, the bullet narrowly missing Mr. Costigan and

ation was now really serious, as the moose would soon overtake the indian and doubtless disable him with a single stroke of his lance-like hoofs. Mr. Costigns at once seized the baddle and with a few nowerful shoves interposed the cance between the moose and the red man, at the same time shouting with all his might to induce the facose to change his course. The savage monster merely responded with a roar and struck at the cance with his loot. He was mable, however, to raise his foct high mough to do any damage, but as his horns collided with the uplifted bow of the cance the danger of a capsize was imminent.

By this time the Indian had opened out a long lead in his desperate efforts to gain the shore. In passing the bow of the cance the moose again caught sight of the fugitive and started for him. Mr. Costigna knew the Indian was a fine swimmer and could not help laughing at the humorous features of the situation, but as the moose gained rapidly and seemed to be bent upon mischief, he suddenly observed that he could not shoot the moose without ranning a grent risk of striking the Indian. Mr. Costigna then picked up the paddle and fairly lifted the bark out of the water as he hurried to the receue. As he hauled up alongside of the moose the latter was within a few feet of the Indian. There was not even thine to cock and level the rifle, so Mr. Costigna struck the moose benefits the moose with the blade of his naddle. This diverted, for a third time, the hostile purpose of the moose. Just then the animal struck bottom and started for shore when Mr. Costigna fred. The animal was wounded mortally, and he fell as he left the water. Mr. Bear then gaspingly proclaimed the moving purpose of his flight:

By tunders, John, I'm not so good Cat'olic as you. Sartin, I t'onght if one got to go you was de bes' man?"

The next season after this Mr. Costigna was camping on Long Lake when he discovered unmistakable signs of the presence of a monster bill moose on his own account and declined the moose for him, but the latter ha

offer. When the moon was at the full the Indian slipped down to the outlet one evening to try for the miose. Having some curicisty as to the result, Mr. Costigan launched his cance and quietly followed him. Twice the tremulous, wailing call of the Indian echoed and edded among the wooded banks and hills and then was heard the impressive answering grunt of the bull. As the animal drew near the outlet he banked the frees with his massive horns and raised a rumpus that could be heard for miles. Then came a melanchory bang from the Indian's gun, followed at often by yells and a wild tunuit in the water. Mr. Costigan reached the scene as soon as possible, but too late to take a hand in the fray. He found the Indian, half dead with fright, covered with mud and water, hiding beneath the root of a fullen tree, while the moose had gone away unharmed. In the moonlit waters of the outlet was floating the wreck of Bernard's ennoe. The moose had come out on the overhanging bank, the Indian said, and suidenly leared into the water, driving odt of his ponderous feet into the came with such force that they bassed clear through the bestom. The Indian promotive tooled for the shore, while the moose in his efforts to extriforce that they passed clear through the Sot-tom. The Indian promptly bodied for the shore, while the moose, in his efforts to extri-cate himself, completed the demolition of the canoe. Here was a chance for reiskin diplomacy.

"Sartia, John," said the Indian, "I'm goin' home me an I got no cance now 't all, 15' king, John, you gimme your cance, sartin you kin have that moose."

Swo Hundred Fidulers for Prizes.

From the Jeducanapadis Journal.

There Havre, Ind., Feb. 17.—The Grand Overa House was crowded to hight and himders were threed away from the old-time fielders contest given by Poetriofthe Traveller?

Protective Association. There were more and 200 contestants from the bacolic neighborhoods of western Indiana and castern Illinois. The prizes were domated by wholesale houses and manufacturers, and were articles of furniture and groceries, half a freight car load in all. The overture was "The Arkansaw Traveller," with 230 fidders taking part. In each of the contests the contestants were numbered, and the analysise was free in its advice to the address that been selected from the audiones. There were the oldest and roungest, taltest and shortest, is fattest and leanest, most ragged and blind, oblicated and shortest, and make one-armed fielder, and to vary the monotony of the programme, there was a newstarp quartet, accordion playing and book and wing dancing.